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KRENEAU

The American Victim

New York, 1778

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June 15, 1927

Freneau

The American Village

1772

**The third publication of the Club for Colonial Reprints
of Providence, Rhode Island**

ONE HUNDRED COPIES

no 48

The American Village

**A Poem by
Philip Freneau**

**Reprinted in facsimile from the original
edition published at New York
in 1772, with an introduction
by**

Harry Lyman Koopman

and

**Bibliographical Data
by**

Victor Hugo Paltsits



Providence, Rhode Island

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Introduction

by

Harry Lyman Koopman

**Librarian of the
Brown University Library**

**Facsimile of the first page of a letter
written by Philip Freneau to James
Madison.**

**From the original, preserved among
the papers of President Madison, now
in the Library of Congress.**

Six

Somerset County in Maryland—

November 22^d: 1772.

And Feb'y. 9. 1773

If I am not wrongly informed by my memory, I have not seen you since last April, you may recollect I was then undertaking a School at Flatbush on Long Island, I did enter upon the business it is certain and continued in it thirteen days - but - Long Island I have had advice with all its British brainless crew. The youth of that detested place, are void of honour and of grace, from Flushing hills to Flatbush plains, Deep ignorance unadorned reigns, I am very partial but excuse it - "To fame we visit ad auras" if you have not heard the rumor of this story / which by the by is told in various taverns and eating houses / you must allow me to be a little partial with it - Those who employed me were some gentlemen of New York, some of them were bachelors, some merchants, and others householders: They sent me eight children the eldest of whom was 10 years - Some could read, others spell and a few stammer over a chapter of the Bible - there was my pupil and over there

Thomson?
Nov^r. 22. 1772

was I to provide - My salary moreover was at 40 - there is something else relating to that I shall not at present mention - after I forgot that they provided me for four days and more that I was caught in New York they would either forgive or forgive me: but I luckily escaped with my goods to Pompton - where I remained till commencement - so much for this affair - I have rented a room in New York called the American Village, containing about 450 dollars, also a few short pieces added; I would send you one if I had a proper opportunity - the additional poems are, -

1. & I am to the Synod I never saw - The miserable life of a Pedagogue - and Storger on an ancient Dutch house on Long Island - As to the main poem it is damned by all good and judicious judges, my name is in the title page, this is called Vanity by some - but who is fond as youthful heads of game? - I arrived at the American Academy the 18th of October and intend to remain here till next October - I am opposite to W. Brookings. This is the last time I shall enter into such a twang, it worries me to death and by no means suits my "giddy wandering brain" - I would go over for the season this time two years - but the old hag Hospitality has got such



PHILIP FRENEAU at nineteen, four years before the outbreak of the Revolution, celebrated in a metrical dialogue on the commencement stage of Princeton College *The Rising Glory of America*. A year later, after an unsatisfactory experience at private teaching, he launched his first venture on the sea of literature — the slender volume before us. In these youthful productions he was unconsciously preparing himself to take a position in the front rank of the Patriots in the wordy warfare which accompanied and sometimes determined that of the musket and the cannon. He was destined in the coming battle for Liberty to win laurels equal to those of his two great fellow-satirists, Hopkinson his elder, and Trumbull of his own age; but he was to be carried in the press of the conflict far from the peaceful scenes beloved of his youthful Muse; and one of the striking features of the book before us is the absolute unconsciousness of its author regarding the tremendous events that were then so closely impending as to seem to us at this distance already to have enveloped the poet and his country.

THE earliest mention of the volume here for the first time reproduced is contained in the letter of Freneau to his classmate, James Madison, dated Somerset County, Maryland, Nov. 22, 1772 :

“I have printed a poem in New York called the American Village, containing about 450 Lines, also a few short pieces added ; I would send you one if I had a proper opportunity — the additional poems are,— 1. a Poem to the Nymph I never saw—The miserable Life of a Pedagogue — and Stanzas on an ancient Dutch house on Long Island — As to the main poem it is damned by all good and judicious judges — my name is in the title page, this is called Vanity by some — but ‘who so fond as youthful bards of fame?’ ”

Of the four poems in the book, *The American Village*, *The Farmer's Winter Evening*, *The Miserable Life of a Pedagogue*, and *Upon a Very Ancient Dutch House on Long Island*, the first and third were not reprinted by the author in any collective edition of his works ; the second was reissued in the edition of 1786 as *The Citizen's Resolve*. *Written 1770* ; while the last, as Pattee suspected, is the poem re-

named *The Deserted Farm-House* and published in the *Freeman's Journal* for May 18, 1785. The fact that "the main poem" was "damned by all good and judicious judges" may or may not be indicative of the number of copies sold; but it is certain that the exclusion of this poem from Freneau's later volumes sufficed to conceal for a hundred and thirty years his first independent publication. Aside from the great bibliographical interest of the little volume, which is heightened by the exceeding rarity of books issued from the press of its printers, it develops an unexpected literary importance. In any case, the first book of an American poet of such quality as to attract his English contemporaries, Scott and Campbell, to the point of plagiarism, could not be lacking in interest; but this little quarto of thirty pages makes a special appeal to us by reason of the light it throws upon Freneau's literary development.

The poem from which the volume takes its name consists actually of 438 lines. The mention on the first page of Goldsmith and his "*Deserted Auburn*" is a frank acknowledgment of the indebtedness of the poem to the *Deserted Village*, which at that time had been hardly two years before the public. Echoes of Goldsmith's *Traveller* are heard as the poem progresses; and it may have

been Freneau's consciousness of the secondary inspiration of his youthful poem that led him in after years to neglect it; for *The American Village*, far from lacking literary finish, displays as high a technical skill as any later production of its author's. It is worth noting that there is a much more obvious suggestion of the *Deserted Village* in Freneau's *A New-York Tory's Epistle Written previous to his Departure for Nova-Scotia* than in the poem before us. *The American Village* also offers interesting imitations of Milton, such as the line

“Or the slow wave of silent Acheron,”

which is clearly compounded of Milton's

“Sad Acheron of sorrow, black and deep . . .
Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe the river of oblivion rolls . . . ”

More than one-third of the poem is taken up with a defense of the character of the North American Indian, in the course of which is introduced the story of Caffraro and Colma—euphonious names more suggestive of Covent Garden than of Hudson Bay. There is a charming note in the closing confession of the poet's literary devotions; none the less

charming that it recalls Milton's similar confessions in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*. To Freneau's own list of the poets to whom he was indebted an American critic adds with some propriety the name of Gray, but couples with it—in sweet oblivion of chronology—that of Shelley!

The second poem in the volume, which is graced with the long-drawn title: *The Farmer's Winter Evening, a Poem. To the Nymph I never saw*, afterwards received greater though hardly kinder attention at the hands of its author than that accorded to the first. It was renamed, changed almost beyond recognition, and, worst of all, furnished with a new ending which mocks at the poet's own sentiment. The poem now becomes the old story of Horace's second *Epode*, which Sargent has so deftly paraphrased, but the close makes none the less a discord. The literary trick of giving a good mess of milk and then kicking it all over at the last minute, though it afterwards became Heine's favorite device for raising a laugh at sentimentality, is here as out of place as it is in Dr. Holmes's poem *On Lending a Punch Bowl*, the concluding stanza of which Stedman so justly condemns. Poe's transformation of his *Lenore*, from its initial to its final form, was not so fundamental as that to which Freneau mistakenly

subjected his boyish idyl. No tabulation of the changes could possibly make them clear, and therefore the poem is here reprinted entire for purposes of comparison with the original form. The edition of 1809 has been followed ; interesting variants will be found in those of 1786 and 1795. The word Citizen is, of course, to be taken in its eighteenth-century meaning of City-dweller or Cit.

THE CITIZEN'S RESOLVE.

“ FAR be the dull and heavy day
“ And toil, and restless care, from me —
“ Sorrow attends on loads of gold,
“ And kings are wretched, I am told.
“ Soon from the noisy town removed
“ To such wild scenes as Plato lov’d,
“ Where, placed the leafless oaks between,
“ Less haughty grows the winter green,
“ There, Night, will I (lock’d in thy arms,
“ Sweet goddess of the sable charms)
“ Enjoy the dear, delightful dreams
“ That fancy prompts by shallow streams,
“ Where wood nymphs walk their evening round,
“ And fairies haunt the moonlight ground.
“ Beneath some mountain’s towering height
“ In cottage low hail the night,
“ Where jovial swains with heart sincere
“ Welcome the new returning year ; —

“ Each tells a tale or chaunts a song
“ Of her, for whom he sigh'd so long,
“ Of Cynthia fair, or Delia coy,
“ Neglecting still her love-sick boy —
“ While, near, the hoary headed sage
“ Recalls the feats of youth's gay age,
“ All that in past time e'er was seen,
“ And many a frolic on the green,
“ How champion he with champions met,
“ And fiercely they did combat it —
“ Or how, full oft, with horn and hound
“ They chaced the deer the forest round —
“ The panting deer as swiftly flies,
“ Yet by the well-aimed musquet dies !
 “ Thus pass the evening hours away,
“ Unnoticed dies the parting day ;
“ Unmeasured flows that happy juice,
“ Which mild October did produce,
“ No surly sage, too frugal found,
“ No niggard housewife deals it round :
“ And deep they quaff the inspiring bowl
“ That kindles gladness in the soul.—
 “ But now the moon, exalted high,
“ Adds lustre to the earth and sky,
“ And in the mighty ocean's glass
“ Admires the beauties of her face —
“ About her orb you may behold
“ The circling stars that freeze with cold —
“ But they in brighter seasons please,

“ Winter can find no charms in these,
“ While less ambitious, we admire,
“ And more esteem domestic fire.

“ O could I there a mansion find
“ Suited exactly to my mind
“ Near that industrious, heavenly train
“ Of rustics honest, neat, and plain :
“ The days, the weeks, the years to pass
“ With some good-natured, longing lass,
“ With her the cooling spring to sip,
“ And seize, at will, her damask lip ;
“ The groves, the springs, the shades divine,
“ And all Arcadia should be mine !

“ Steep me, steep me, some poppies deep
“ In beechen bowl to bring on sleep ;
“ Love hath my soul in fetters bound,
“ Through the dull night no sleep I found ;—
“ O gentle sleep ! bestow thy dreams
“ Of fields, and woods, and murmuring streams,
“ Dark, tufted groves, and grottoes rare,
“ And Flora, charming Flora, there.

“ Dull Commerce, hence, with all thy train
“ Of debts, and dues, and loss, and gain ;
“ To hills, and groves, and purling streams,
“ To nights of ease, and heaven-born dreams
“ While wiser Damon hastes away,
“ Should I in this dull city stay,
“ Condemn'd to death by slow decays
“ And care that clouds my brightest days ?

“ No — by *Silenus*’ self I swear,
“ In rustic shades I ’ll kill that care.”
So spoke *Lysander*, and in haste
His clerks discharg’d, his goods re-cased,
And to the western forests flew
With fifty airy schemes in view;
His ships were set to public sale —
But what did all this change avail?—
In three short months, sick of the *heavenly train*,
In three short months — he moved to town again.

It is not surprising that Freneau did not care to reprint his vigorous poem, *The Miserable Life of a Pedagogue*, for it too clearly recalls an unpleasant experience to have been agreeable reading for its author after the heat of composition had passed off. He may also have felt that the treatment was too crude. But the memory of his bad fortnight remained with him, and we are reminded of this poem by a later one, *The Deserted Academy*—afterwards altered, and renamed *The Silent Academy*—and still more by his prose sketch, *The Private Tutor*, in which his unhappy experiences behind the desk are retold in a less autobiographical fashion.

The last poem in our volume, *Upon a Very ancient Dutch House on Long Island*, was, like the second, altered for republication almost beyond the

point of recognition. Only a direct comparison can do justice to the extent and character of the changes which its author's perverted judgment dictated, and it is therefore given below from the edition of 1809, which shows the widest departure from the original form. Dome, a romantic word for Dwelling, was much affected by poets of Freneau's day as a rhyme to Home.

THE DESERTED FARM-HOUSE.

This antique dome the insatiate tooth of time
Now level with the dust has almost laid ; —
Yet ere 'tis gone, I seize my humble theme
From these low ruins, that his years have made.

Behold the unsocial hearth ! — where once the fires
Blazed high, and soothed the storm-stay'd traveller's woes ;
See the weak roof that abler props requires,
Admits the winds, and swift descending snows.

Here, to forget the labours of the day,
No more the swains at evening hours repair,
But wandering flocks assume the well known way
To shun the rigours of the midnight air.

In yonder chamber, half to ruin gone,
Once stood the ancient housewife's curtained bed —
Timely the prudent matron has withdrawn,
And each domestic comfort with her fled.

The trees, the flowers that her own hands had reared,
The plants, the vines, that were so verdant seen,—
The trees, the flowers, the vines have disappear'd,
And every plant has vanish'd from the green.

So sits in tears on wide Campania's plain
Rome, once the mistress of a world enslaved;
That triumph'd o'er the land, subdued the main,
And Time himself, in her wild transports, braved.

So sits in tears on Palestina's shore
The Hebrew town, of splendor once divine —
Her kings, her lords, her triumphs are no more;
Slain are her priests, and ruin'd every shrine.

Once, in the bounds of this deserted room,
Perhaps some swain nocturnal courtship made,
Perhaps some *Sherlock* mused amid the gloom;
Since love and death forever seek the shade.

Perhaps some miser, doom'd to discontent,
Here counted o'er the heaps acquired with pain;
He to the dust—his gold, on traffick sent,
Shall ne'er disgrace these mouldering walls again.

Nor shall the glow-worm fopling, sunshine bred,
Seek, at the evening hour this wonted dome —
Time has reduced the fabrick to a shed,
Scarce fit to be the wandering beggar's home.

And none but I its dismal case lament —
None, none but I o'er its cold relics mourn,
Sent by the muse — (the time perhaps mispent —)
To write dull stanzas on this dome forlorn.

With its humorous elements extruded, the poem becomes flat with all the insipidity that was the aspiration of eighteenth-century poetic elegance. Nor is our interest increased by the forced pleasantry at the close. Freneau seems to have felt that the rejected humor was worth using, for we find it reappearing in *A Batavian Picture*, a short poem, the form of which is borrowed from Goldsmith's *Traveller*. But the modern reader will acknowledge that the original poem with its rude *genre* touches is worth both its derivatives.

Freneau at twenty, one year out of college, was evidently in this volume casting about to find his bearings in poetry. He succeeded in these four poems in striking every note for which he was afterwards to become distinguished — satire, broad humor, local picturing, and tender human sentiment. The last note, which is the rarest in Freneau's later work, is the only one that preserves him in grateful remembrance. His bitter satires, which won him fame at home and abroad, wake now the interest

only of the bibliographer and the student of political history; but his *Eutaw Springs*, his *Wild Honeysuckle*, his *Indian Burying-Ground*, and his *Honey Bee* will be read as long as any American writings of his century; and the spirit that gives enduring life to these mature poems breathes fresh and fragrant from his first boyish ventures.

HARRY LYMAN KOOPMAN.

New Year's Day, 1906.

The Reprint

T H E
AMERICAN VILLAGE,
A P O E M.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,
Several other ORIGINAL PIECES in VERSE.

By PHILIP FRENEAU, A. B.

Arva, beata
Petamus arva; divites & infulas.
Hor. Epod. Ode 16, V. 41, & sequentes.

NEW-YORK:
Printed by S. INSLER and A. CAR, on MOOR'S WHARF.

MDCC,LXXII.

T H E

AMERICAN VILLAGE, &c.

WHERE yonder stream divides the fertile plain,
Made fertile by the labours of the swain ;
And hills and woods high tow'ring o'er the rest,
Behold a village with fair plenty blest :
Each year tall harvests crown the happy field ;
Each year the meads their stores of fragrance yield,
And ev'ry joy and ev'ry bliss is there,
And healthful labour crowns the flowing year.

THOUGH *Goldsmith* weeps in melancholy strains,
Deserted Auburn and forsaken plains,
And mourns his village with a patriot sigh,
And in that village sees Britannia die :
Yet shall this land with rising pomp divine,
In it's own splendor and Britannia's shine.
O muse, forget to paint her ancient woes,
Her Indian battles, or her Gallic foes ;
Resume the pleasures of the rural scene,
Describe the village rising on the green,
It's harmless people, born to small command,
Lost in the bosom of this western land :

B

So

So shall my verse run gentle as the floods,
 So answer all ye hills, and echo all ye woods;
 So glide ye streams in hollow channels pent,
 Forever wasting, yet not ever spent.
 Ye clust'ring boughs by hoary thickets bore !
 Ye fields high waving with eternal corn !
 Ye woodland nymphs the tender tale rehearse,
 The fabled authors of immortal verse :
 Ye Dryads fair, attend the scene I love,
 And Heav'n shall centre in yon' blooming grove
 What tho' thy woods, AMERICA, contain
 The howling forest, and the tiger's den,
 The dang'rous serpent, and the beast of prey,
 Men are more fierce, more terrible than they.
 No monster with it's vile contagious breath,
 No flying scorpion darting instant death ;
 No pois'nous adder, burning to enrage,
 Has half the venom or has half the rage.
 What tho' the Turk protests to heav'n his ire,
 With lift up hand amidst his realms of fire ;
 And Russia's Empress sends her fleets afar,
 To aid the havock of the burning war :
 Their rage dismays not, and their arms in vain,
 In dreadful fury bathe with blood the plain ;
 Their terrors harmless, tho' their story heard,
 How this one conquer'd, or was nobly spar'd :
Vain

Vain is their rage, to us their anger vain,
The deep Atlantic raves and roars between.

To yonder village then will I descend,
There spend my days, and there my ev'nings spend;
Sweet haunt of peace whose mud' wall'd sides delight,
The rural mind beyond the city bright:
Their tops with hazles or with alders wove,
Remurmur magic to the neighb'ring grove;
And each one lab'ring in his own employ,
Comes weary home at night, but comes with joy:
The soil which lay for many thousand years
O'er run by woods, by thickets and by bears;
Now rest of trees, admits the chearful light,
And leaves long prospects to the piercing sight;
Where once the lynx nocturnal sallies made,
And the tall chefnut cast a dreadful shade:
No more the panther stalks his bloody rounds,
Nor bird of night her hateful note resounds;
Nor howling wolves roar to the rising moon,
As pale arose she o'er yon eastern down.
Some prune their trees, a larger load to bear
Of fruits nectarine blooming once a year:
See groaning waggons to the village come
Fill'd with the apple, apricot or plumb;
And heavy beams suspended from a tree,
To press their juice against the winter's day:

Or

Or see the plough torn through the new made field,
 Ordain'd a harvest, yet unknown to yield.
 The rising barn whose spacious floor receives
 The welcome thousands of the wheaten sheaves,
 And spreads it's arms to take the plenteous store,
 Sufficient for its master and the poor :
 For as Eumœus us'd his beggar guest
 The great Ulysses in his tatters drest :
 So here fair Charity puts forth her hand,
 And pours her blessings o'er the greatful land :
 No needy wretch the rage of winter fears,
 Secure he sits and spends his aged years,
 With thankful heart to gen'rous souls and kind,
 That save him from the winter and the wind.

A LOVELY island once adorn'd the sea,
 Between New-Albion and the Mexic' Bay ;
 Whose sandy sides wash'd by the ocean wave,
 Scarce heard a murmur but what the ocean gave :
 Small it's circumference, or high it's coast,
 But shady woods the happy isle could boast ;
 On ev'ry side new prospects catch'd the eye,
 There rose blue mountains to the arched sky :
 Here thunder'd ocean in conclusive throws,
 And dash'd the island as it's waters rose :
 Yet peaceful all within, no tumults there,
 But fearless steps of the unhunted hare ;

And

And nightly chauntings of the fearless dove,
 Or blackbird's note, the harbinger of love.
 So peaceful was this haunt that nature gave,
 Still as the stars, and silent as the grave ;
 No loud applause there rais'd the patriot breast,
 No shouting armies their mad joy confest,
 For battles gain'd, or trophies nobly won,
 Or nations conquer'd near the rising sun ;
 No clam'rous crews, or wild nocturnal cheer,
 Or murd'rous ruffians, for no men were here.
 On it's east end a grove of oak was seen,
 And shrubby hazels fill'd the space between,
 Dry alders too, and aspen leaves that shook
 With ev'ry wind, conspir'd to shade a brook,
 Whose gentle stream just bubbling from the ground,
 Was quickly in the saltier ocean drown'd.
 Beyond whose fount, the center of the isle,
 Wild plumb trees flourish'd on the shaded soil.
 In the dark bosom of this sacred wood,
 Had fate but smil'd, some village might have stood
 Secluded from the world, and all it's own,
 Of other lands unknowing, and unknown.
 Here might the hunter have destroy'd his prey,
 Transfix'd the goat before the dawn of day ;
 And trudging homeward with his welcome load,
 The fruit of wand'rings thro' each by-way road :

C

Thrown

Thrown down his burthen with the needful sigh,
 And gladly feasted his small family.
 Small fields had then suffic'd, and grateful they,
 The annual labours of his hands to pay ;
 And free his right to search the briny flood
 For fish, or slay the creatures of the wood.

Thus spent his days in labour's pleasant pain,
 Had liv'd and dy'd the homely shepherd swain :
 Had seen his children and his children's heirs,
 The fruit of love and memory of years
 To agriculture's first fair service bent,
 The work of mortals, and their great intent.
 So had the Sire his days of pleasure known,
 And wish'd to change no country for his own :
 So had he with his fair endearing wife,
 Pass'd the slow circle of a harmless life ;
 With happy ignorance divinely blest,
 The path, the centre and the home of rest.
 Long might the sun have run his bright career,
 And long the moon her mantled visage rear ;
 And long the stars their nightly vigils kept,
 And spheres harmonious either sung or wept :
 He had not dream'd of worlds besides his own,
 And thought them only stars, beyond the moon,
 Enjoy'd

Enjoy'd himself, nor hear'd of future hell,
 Or heav'n, the recompence of doing well;
 Had scarcely thought of an eternal state,
 And left his being in the hands of fate.—
 O had this isle such souls sublime contain'd,
 And there for ages future sons remain'd:
 But envious time conspiring with the sea,
 Wash'd all it's landscapes, and it's groves away.
 It's trees declining, stretch'd upon the sand,
 No more their shadows throw across the land.
 It's vines no more their clust'ring beauty show,
 Nor sturdy oaks embrace the mountain's brow.
 Bare sands alone now overwhelm the coast,
 Lost in it's grandeur, and it's beauty lost.

Thus, tho' my fav'rite isle to ruin gone,
 Inspires my sorrow, and demands my moan;
 Yet this wide land it's place can well supply
 With landscapes, hills and grassy mountains high.
 O HUDSON! thy fair flood shall be my theme,
 Thy winding river, or thy glassy stream;
 On whose tall banks tremendous rocks I spy,
 Dread nature in primæval majesty.
 Rocks, to whose summits clouds eternal cling,
 Or clust'ring birds in their wild wood notes sing.
 Hills,

Hills, from whose sides the mountain echo roars,
 Rebounding dreadful from the distant shores,
 Or vallies, where refreshing breezes blow,
 And rustic huts in fair confusion grow,
 Safe from the winds, secur'd by mountains high,
 That seem to hide the concave of the sky;
 To whose top oft' the curious hind ascends,
 And wonders where the arch'd horizon bends;
 Pleas'd with the distant prospects rising new,
 And hills o'er hills, a never ending view.
 Through various paths with hasty step he scours,
 And breathes the odours of surrounding flow'rs,
 Caught from their bosoms by the fragrant breath,
 Of western breezes, or the gale of death.*
 Then low descending, seeks the humble dome,
 And centres all his pleasures in his home,
 'Till day returning, brings the welcome toil,
 To clear the forest, or to tame the soil,
 To burn the woods, or catch the tim'rous deer,
 To scour the thicket, or contrive the snare.

SUCH was the life our great fore-fathers led,
 The golden season now from BRITAIN fled,
 E'er since dread commerce stretch'd the nimble sail,
 And sent her wealth with ev'ry foreign gale.—
Strange

* South wind.

Strange fate, but yet to ev'ry country known,
 To love all other riches but it's own.
 Thus fell the mistress of the conquer'd earth,
 Great ROME, who ow'd to ROMULUS her birth,
 Fell to the monster Luxury, a prey,
 Who forc'd a hundred nations to obey.
 She whom nor mighty CARTHAGE could withstand,
 Nor strong JUDEA's once thrice holy land:
 She all the west, and BRITAIN could subdue,
 While vict'ry with the ROMAN eagles flew;
 She, she herself eternal years deny'd,
 Like ROME she conquer'd, but by ROME she dy'd:
 But if AMERICA, by this decay,
 The world itself must fall as well as she.
 No other regions latent yet remain,
 This spacious globe has been research'd in vain.
 Round it's whole circle oft' have navies gone,
 And found but sea or lands already known.
 When she has seen her empires, cities, kings,
 Time must begin to flap his weary wings;
 The earth itself to brighter days aspire,
 And wish to feel the purifying fire.

NOR think this mighty land of old contain'd
 The plund'ring wretch, or man of bloody mind:

Renowned

Renowned **SACHEMS** once their empires rais'd
 On wholesome laws; and sacrifices blaz'd.
 The gen'rous soul inspir'd the honest breast,
 And to be free, was doubly to be blest:
 'Till the east winds did here **COLUMBUS** blow,
 And wond'ring nations saw his canvas flow.
 'Till here **CABOT** descended on the strand,
 And hail'd the beauties of the unknown land;
 And rav'nous nations with industrious toil,
 Conspir'd to rob them of their native soil:
 Then bloody wars, and death and rage arose,
 And ev'ry tribe resolv'd to be our foes.
 Full many a feat of them I could rehearse,
 And actions worthy of immortal verse:
 Deeds ever glorious to the **INDIAN** name,
 And fit to rival **GREEK** or **ROMAN** fame.
 But one sad story shall my Muse relate,
 Full of paternal love, and full of fate;
 Which when ev'n yet the northern shepherd hears,
 It swells his breast, and bathes his face in tears,
 Prompts the deep groan, and lifts the heaving sigh,
 Or brings soft torrents from the female eye.

FAR in the arctic skies, where **HUDSON'S BAY**
 Rolls it's cold wave, and combats with the sea,
 A dreary

A dreary region lifts it's dismal head,
 True sister to the regions of the dead.
 Here thund'ring storms continue half the year,
 Or deep laid snows their joyless visage rear :
 Eternal rocks, from whose prodigious steep
 The angry tiger sluns the neighb'ring deep ;
 While through the wild wood, or the shrouded plain,
 The moose deer seeks his food, but often seeks in vain.
 Yet in this land, froze by inclement skies,
 The Indian huts in wild succession rise ;
 And daily hunting, when the short-liv'd spring
 Shoots joyous forth, th' industrious people bring
 Their beaver spoils beneath another sky,
 PORT NELSON, and each BRITISH factory :
 In slender boats from distant lands they sail,
 Their small masts bending to the inland gale,
 On traffic sent to gain the little store,
 Which keeps them plenteous, tho' it keeps them poor.
 Hither CAFFRARO in his slighty boat,
 One hapless spring his furry riches brought ;
 And with him came, for sail'd he not alone,
 His consort COLMA, and his little son.
 While yet from land o'er the deep wave he plough'd,
 And tow'rd's the shore with manly prowess row'd.
 His barque unfaithful to it's trusted freight,
 Sprung the large leak, the messenger of fate ;

But

But no lament or female cry was heard,
Each for their fate most manfully prepar'd,
From bubbling waves to send the parting breath
To lands of shadows, and the shade of death.

O FATE! unworthy such a tender train,
O day, lamented by the Indian swain!
Full oft' of it the stripling youth shall hear,
And sadly mourn their fortune with a tear:
The Indian maids full oft' the tale attend,
And mourn their COLMA as they'd mourn a friend.

Now while in waves the barque demerg'd, they strive,
Dead with despair, tho' nature yet alive:
Forth from the shore a friendly brother flew,
In one small boat, to save the drowning crew.
He came, but in his barque of trifling freight,
Could save but two, and one must yield to fate.
O dear CAFFRARD, said the hapless wife,
O save our son, and save thy dearer life:
'Tis thou canst teach him how to hunt the doe,
Transfix the buck, or tread the mountain snow.
Let me the sentence of my fate receive,
And to thy care my tender infant leave.
He sigh'd, nor answer'd, but as firm as death,
Resolv'd to save her with his latest breath:

And

And as suspended by the barque's low side,
He rais'd the infant from the chilling tide,
And plac'd it safe; he forc'd his COLMA too
To save herself, what more could mortal do?
But nobly scorning life, she rais'd her head
From the flush'd wave, and thus divinely said:

Of life regardless, I to fate resign,
But thou, CAFFRARO, art forever mine.
O let thy arms no future bride embrace,
Remember COLMA, and her beauteous face,
Which won thee youthful in thy gayest pride,
With captives, trophies, victors at thy side;
Now I shall quick to blooming regions fly,
A spring eternal, and a nightless sky,
Far to the west, where radiant Sol descends,
And wonders where the arch'd horizon ends:
There shall my soul thy lov'd idea keep;
And 'till thy image comes, unceasing weep.
There, tho' the tiger is but all a shade,
And mighty panthers but the name they had;
And proudest hills, and lofty mountains there,
Light as the wind, and yielding as the air;
Yet shall our souls their ancient feelings have,
More strong, more noble than this side the grave.
There

There lovely blossoms blow throughout the year,
 And airy harvests rise without our care :
 And all our sires and mighty ancestors,
 Renown'd for battles and successful wars,
 Behold their sons in fair succession rise,
 And hail them happy to serener skies.
 There shall I see thee too, and see with joy
 Thy future charge, my much lov'd Indian boy :
 The thoughtless infant, whom with tears I see,
 Once sought my breast, or hung upon my knee ;
 Tell him, ah tell him, when in manly years,
 His dauntless mind, nor death nor danger fears,
 Tell him, ah tell him, how thy COLMA dy'd,
 His fondest mother. and thy youthful bride :
 Point to my tomb thro' yonder furzy glade,
 And show where thou thy much lov'd COLMA laid.
 O may I soon thy blest resemblance see,
 And my sweet infant all reviv'd in thee.
 'Till then I'll haunt the bow'r or lonely shade,
 Or airy hills for contemplation made,
 And think I see thee in each ghostly shoal,
 And think I clasp thee to my weary soul.
 Oft, oft thy form to my expecting eye,
 Shall come in dreams with gentle majesty ;
 Then shall I joy to find my bliss began
 To love an angel, whom I lov'd a man !

She said, and downward in the hoary deep
Plung'd her fair form to everlasting sleep;
Her parting soul it's latest struggle gave,
And her last breath came bubbling thro' the wave.

THEN sad CAFFRARO all his grief declares,
And swells the torrent of the gulph with tears;
And senseless stupid to the shore is borne
In death-like slumbers, 'till the rising morn,
Then sorrowing, to the sea his course he bent
Full sad, but knew not for what cause he went,
'Till, light distressing, from the lonely strand,
He saw dead COLMA wafting to the land.
Then in a stupid agony of pray'r,
He rent his mantle, and he tore his hair;
Sigh'd to the stars, and shook his honour'd head,
And only wish'd a place among the dead!
O had the winds been sensible of grief,
Or whisp'ring angels come to his relief;
Then had the rocks not echo'd to his pain,
Nor hollow mountains answer'd him again:
Then had the floods their peaceful courses kept,
Nor the sad pine in all it's murmurs wept;
Nor pensive-deer stray'd through the lonely grove,
Nor sadly wept the sympathizing dove.——

Thus

Thus far'd the fire through his long days of pain,
 Or with his offspring rov'd the silent plain ;
 'Till years approaching, bow'd his sacred head
 Deep in the dust, and sent him to the dead :
 Where now perhaps in some strange fancy'd land,
 He grasps the airy bow, and flies across the strand ;
 Or with his COLMA shares the fragrant grove,
 It's vernal blessings, and the bliss of love.

FAREWELL lamented pair, and whate'er state
 Now clasps you round, and sinks you deep in fate ;
 Whether the fiery kingdom of the sun,
 Or the slow wave of silent Acheron,
 Or Christian's heaven, or planetary sphere,
 Or the third region of the cloudless air ;
 Or if return'd to dread nihilicity,
 You'll still be happy, for you will not be.

Now fairest village of the fertile plain,
 Made fertile by the labours of the swain ;
 Who first my drowsy spirit did inspire,
 To sing of woods, and strike the rural lyre :
 Who last shou'd see He wand'ring from thy cells,
 And groves of oak where contemplation dwells.
 Wou'd fate but raise me o'er the smaller cares,
 Of Life unwelcome and distressful years,

Pedantic

Pedantic labours and a hateful ease,
 Which scarce the hoary wrinkled sage cou'd please.
 Hence springs each grief, each long reflective sigh,
 And not one comfort left but poetry.
 Long, long ago with her I could have stray'd,
 To woods, to thickets or the mountain shade;
 Unfit for cities and the noisy throng,
 The drunken revel and the midnight song;
 The gilded beau and scenes of empty joy,
 Which please a moment and forever die.
 Here then shall center ev'ry wish, and all
 The tempting beauties of this spacious ball:
 No thought ambitious, and no bold design,
 But heaven born contemplation shall be mine.
 In yonder village shall my fancy stray,
 Nor rove beyond the confines of to-day;
 The aged volumes of some plain divine,
 In broken order round my hut shou'd shine;
 Whose solemn lines should soften all my cares,
 And sound devotion to th' eternal stars:
 And if one sin my rigid breast did stain,
 Thou poetry shou'dst be the darling sin;
 Which heav'n without repentance might forgive,
 And which an angel might commit and live:
 And where yon' wave of silent water falls,
 O'er the smooth rock or Adamantine walls:

F

The

The summer morns and vernal eves should see,
 MILTON, immortal bard my company ;
 Or SHAKESPEARE, DRYDEN, each high sounding name,
 The pride of BRITAIN, and one half her fame :
 Or him who wak'd the fairy muse of old,
 And pleasing tales of lands enchanted told.
 Still in my hand, he his soft verse shou'd find
 His verse, the picture of the poets mind :
 Or heav'nly POPE, who now harmonious mourns,
 " Like the rapt seraph that adores and burns."
 Then in sharp satire, with a giant's might,
 Forbids the blockhead and the fool to write :
 And in the centre of the bards be shown
 The deathless lines of godlike ADDISON ;
 Who, bard thrice glorious, all delightful flows,
 And wrapt the soul of poetry in prose.

Now cease, O muse, thy tender tale to chaunt,
 The smiling village, or the rural haunt ;
 New scenes invite me, and no more I rove,
 To tell of shepherds, or the vernal grove.



T H E

T H E
FARMER'S WINTER EVENING,
A P O E M.

To the NYMPH I never saw.

FAR be the pleasures of the day,
And mirth and festive joy from me,
When cold December nips the plains,
Or frozen January reigns.
Far be the hunts-man's noisy horn,
And coursers fleet thro' thickets borne,
Swift as the wind, and far the sight,
Of snowy mountains, sadly white;
But thou, O night, with sober charms,
Shall clasp me in thy sable arms.
For thee I love the winter eve,
The noisy day for thee I leave.
Beneath some mountain's tow'ring height,
In cottage low I hail the night,
Where jovial swains, with heart sincere,
And timely mirth dishearten care:

Each

Each tells his tale, or chaunts a song
 Of her for whom he sigh'd so long;
 Of CLARA fair, or FLORA coy,
 Disdaining still her shepherd boy,
 While near the hoary headed sage,
 Recalls the days of youthful age,
 Describes his course of manly years,
 His journey thro' this vale of tears;
 How champion he with champions met,
 And fiercely they did combat it,
 'Till envious night in ebon chair,
 Urg'd faster on her chariotteer,
 And robb'd him, O for shame, of glory
 And feats fit for renown in story.—
 Thus spent in tales the ev'ning hour,
 And quaffing juice of sober pow'r,
 Which handsome KATE with malt did steep,
 To lead on balmy visag'd sleep,
 While her neat hand the milk pail strains,
 A fav'ry supper for the swains.
 And now the moon exalted high,
 Gives lustre to the earth and sky,
 And from the mighty ocean's glass,
 Reflects the beauty of her face:
 About her orb you may behold,
 A thousand stars of burnish'd gold,

Which

Which slowly to the west retire,
And lose awhile their glitt'ring fire.

O COULD I here find my abode,
And live within this fancy'd wood,
With thee the weeks and years to pass,
My pretty rural shepherdes;
With thee the cooling spring to sip,
Or live upon thy damask lip:
Then sacred groves, and shades divine,
And all ARCADIA should be mine.
Steep me, steep me some poppies deep
In beechen bowl, to bring on sleep;
Love hath my mind in shackles kept,
Thrice the cock crew, nor once I slept.
O gentle sleep, wrap me in dreams,
Of fields and woods, and running streams;
Of rivers wide, and castles rare,
And be my lovely FLORA there:
A larger draught, a larger bowl
To gratify my drowsy soul;
"A larger draught is yet in store,
Perhaps with this you wake no more."
Then I my lovely maid shall see thee
Drinking the deep streams of LETHÉ,

Where

Where now dame ARETHUSA scatters
 Her soft stream with ALPHEUS' waters,
 To forget her earthly cares,
 Lost in LETHÆ, lost in years !
 And I too will quaff the water,
 Lest it should be said, O daughter
 Of my giddy, ward'ring brain,
 I sigh'd for one I've never seen.

T H E
 M I S E R A B L E L I F E
 O F A
 P E D A G O G U E.

TO form the manners of our youth,
 To guide them in the way of truth,
 To lead them through the jarring schools,
 Arts, sciences, and grammar rules ;
 Is certainly an arduous work,
 Enough to tire out Jew or Turk ;

And,

And make a christian bite his nails,
For do his best, he surely fails ;
And spite of all that some may say,
His praise is trifling as his pay.

For my part I, tho' vers'd in booking,
Still sav'd my carcase from such cooking ;
And always flyly shunn'd a trade,
Too trifling as I thought and said ;
But at a certain crazy season,
When men have neither sense or reason ;
By some confounded misadventure,
I found myself just in it's centre.

Odd's fish and blood, and noun and neuter,
And tenses present, past and future ;
I utter'd with a wicked sigh,
Where are my brains, or where am I ?
The dullest creature of the wood,
Knows how to shun the distant flood ;
Whales, dolphins, and a hundred more,
Are not the fools to run ashore.

Well, now contented I must be,
Forc'd by the dame Necessity,
Who like the tribunal of Spain,
Let's you speak once, but not again ;

And

And swift to execute the blow,
Ne'er tells you why or whence: it's so.

Now I am ask'd a thousand questions,
Of ALEXANDERS and EPHESTIONS;
With sly design to know if I
Am vers'd in GRECIAN history;
And then again my time destroy,
With awkward grace to tell of TROY:
From that huge giant POLYPHEMUS,
Quite down to ROMULUS and REMUS.
Then I'm oblig'd to give them lectures,
On quadrants, circles, squares and sectors;
Or in my wretched mem'ry bear,
What weighs a cubic inch of air.

" SIR, here's my son, I beg you'd mind,
The graces have been very kind,
And on him all their blessings shed,
[Except a genius and a head] -
Teach him the doctrine of the sphere,
The sliding circle and the square, }
And starry worlds, I know not where:
And let him quickly learn to say,
Those learned words Penna, Pennæ;

Which

Which late I heard our parson call,
As learning, knowledge all in all."

AND there a city dame approaches,
Known by her horsemen, chairs and coaches :
" Sir, here's my son, teach him to speak
The Hebrew, Latin, and the Greek :
And this I half forgot, pray teach
My tender boy—the parts of speech—
But never let this son of me,
Learn that vile thing Astronomy :
Upon my word it's all a sham,"—
O I'm your humble servant ma'am.
There certainly is something in it——
" Boy, drive the coach off in a minute."
And thus I'm left in street or road,
A laughing stock to half the crowd,
To argue with myself the case,
And prove its being to my face.

A plague I say on such employment,
Where's neither pleasure nor enjoyment :
Whoe'er to such a life is ty'd,
Was born the day he should have dy'd ;
Born in an hour when angry spheres
Were tearing caps, or pulling ears :

H

And

And Saturn flow 'gainst swift Mercurius,
Was meditating battles furious ;
Or comets with their blazing train,
Decreed their life, a life of pain.

Upon a very ANCIENT DUTCH HOUSE on .
LONG-ISLAND.

BEHOLD this antique dome by envious time,
Grown crazy, and in ev'ry part decay'd ;
Full well, alas, it claims my humble rhyme,
For such lone haunts and contemplation made.

Ah see the hearth, where once the chearful fire
Blaz'd high, and warm'd the winter trav'lers toes ;
And see the walls, which once did high aspire,
Admit the storms, and ev'ry wind that blows.

In yonder corner, now to ruin gone,
The ancient housewife's curtain'd bed appear'd,
Where she and her man JOHN did sleep alone,
Nor nightly robber, nor the screech owl fear'd.

There

There did they snore full oft' the whole night out,
Smoking the sable pipe, 'till that did fall,
Reft from their jaws by Somnus' sleepy rout,
And on their faces pour'd its scorched gall.

And in the compafs of yon' smaller gang,
The fwain BATAVIAN once his courtship made,
To fome DUTCH lafs, as thick as fhe was long;
" Come then, my angel, come, the fhepherd faid,

" And let us for the bridal bed prepare;
For you alone fhall eafe my future life,
And you alone fhall foften all my care,
My ftrong, my hearty, and induftrious wife."

Thus they—but eating ruin now hath fpread
Its wings deftructive o'er the antique dome;
The mighty fabrick now is all a fhed,
Scarce fit to be the wand'ring beggar's home.

And none but me it's piteous fate lament,
None, none but me o'er it's fad afhes mourn,
Sent by the fates, and by APOLLO fent,
To fhed their lateft tears upon it's filent urn.



XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

E R R A T A.

Page 2, Line 5, for bore, read borne.

- 2, 17, for enrage, read engage.
- 4, 18, dele the.
- 4, 19, for or, read nor.
- 4, 23, for conclusive, read convulsive.
- 16, 10, for clafs, read clasps.
- 16, 21, for he, read me.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

Bibliographical Data

by

Victor Hugo Paltsits

**Assistant Librarian
in the New York Public Library**

ON November 22, 1772, Freneau wrote a letter to his friend James Madison, afterwards President of the United States, of which the first page is reproduced in this volume in facsimile. Among other things he said: "I have printed a poem in New York called the American Village, containing about 450 Lines, also a few short pieces added; I would send you one if I had a proper opportunity—the additional poems are,—

1. a Poem to the Nymph I never saw—The miserable Life of a Pedagogue—and Stanzas on an ancient Dutch house on Long Island—As to the main poem it is damned by all good and judicious judges—My name is in the title page, this is called Vanity by some—but 'who so fond as youthful bards of fame?'"

This information was definite enough, but no extant copy of the first separately-printed work of "The Poet of the American Revolution" was known by American bibliographers and literary specialists prior to November, 1902, at which time I was engaged in the preparation of my Freneau bibliography and submitted a list of queries to the Librarian of Congress, one of which sought to learn whether the national library possessed a copy of *The American Village*. By a singularly fortunate concurrence of events, that library had just then

(November, 1902) purchased a volume of miscellaneous pamphlets, one of which proved to be the gem for which I had been angling hopelessly. In the latter part of December, while in Washington, I was able to collate this copy *de visu*, and the results were published shortly thereafter.* The copy now reproduced in facsimile has come to light still more recently, and has been acquired by the John Carter Brown Library, of Providence. The original pamphlet collates analytically as follows:

Title, verso blank; "The American Village, &c.," pp. [1]—18; "The Farmer's Winter Evening, A Poem. To the Nymph I never saw," pp. 19-22; "The Miserable Life of a Pedagogue," pp. 22-26; "Upon a very ancient Dutch House on Long-Island," pp. 26-27; "Errata," seven lines, on verso of p. 27. Signatures: Title, with stub, one leaf, and B-H in twos. The John Carter Brown Library copy does not show the stub.

The printers of the pamphlet were Samuel Inslee and Anthony Car, of the city of New York. They were young men who had been in the employ of

**Bibliography of the Separate and Collected Works of Philip Freneau.* New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1903. The title-page was also reproduced in facsimile as a frontispiece to the *de Luxe* edition.

James Parker of New York, and Car had served his apprenticeship in Parker's printing office.* Parker died in Burlington, N. J., on June 24, 1770, and his newspaper, *The New-York Gazette; or, The Weekly Post-Boy*, appeared on July 2, 1770 (No. 1435), for the last time with his name in the colophon. Beginning with the next number, July 9, and until August 6, inclusive, no printer's name was mentioned in the issues, yet they were without doubt put forth under the auspices of Parker's son, as shown later on. In No. 1441, for Monday, August 13, 1770, the following colophon appeared: "NEW YORK: Printed by SAMUEL INSLEE, and ANTHONY CAR, At the NEW PRINTING-OFFICE in BEAVER-STREET, where all Sorts of Printing Work is done in the neatest Manner, with Care and Expedition,—and where Subscriptions, Advertisements, &c. for this Paper are taken in." In the issue for August 20, they made their first address to the public in the following words:

"To the PUBLIC.

THE Business of this Printing-Office having devolved by the Death of JAMES PARKER, (the late

*Thomas. *History of Printing in America*. Vol. 1 (Albany, N. Y., 1874), p. 306.

Proprietor of this Paper) on his Son SAMUEL F. PARKER, who finding the Prosecution of it at present inconvenient, has leased the Office for a Term of Years to the Subscribers, who propose to carry on the Business in as extensive a Manner as it has hitherto been done. As they are *young Beginners*, they hope in particular for the Countenance of those who have kindly encouraged the said Office in Times past, and humbly solicit the Favour of the respectable Public in general, assuring them that nothing shall be wanting on their Parts, to render the Paper as useful and entertaining as any on the Continent. They declare moreover, in the most explicit Manner, that it shall ever be sacred to the Cause of Truth and Liberty, and never be prostituted to the purposes of Party, but be equally free for all who vouchsafe to have their Productions inserted; and no Compositions shall be refused a Place, but what are defamatory on private Characters, inconsistent with the Rules of Decorum, or unfriendly to Religion and good Morals. All Favours will be gratefully acknowledged, by

The Public's humble Servants,

SAMUEL INSLEE,
ANTHONY CAR."

At this time Inslee and Car were still occupants of Parker's old premises in Beaver Street, but on February 25, 1771, this house was advertised "to be lett" and to be "entered on the first of May next." The printers informed their customers, on March 25, of their intention to remove "on the First of May next . . . to Beekman's-Slip, in the House now in the Tenure of Mr. John Laboyteaux, and next Door to Mr. Huybert Van Wageningen." Here they occupied a "Part of the House" and, on May 6, 1771, the first issue of their newspaper with the new address appeared.

From a notice which was printed in the *Post Boy*, for August 19, 1771, we have positive evidence that their copartnership took form with the issue of August 13, 1770, and that the few issues preceding that number were sent out by Samuel Franklin Parker. In this notice, dated at the "New Printing-Office, Beekman's Slip, August 19, 1771," Inslee and Car inform their readers that "Last Week's Paper [August 12] completed Twelve Months since the Printers of this Paper first entered on the Business of this Office," and they claimed to have then "near 1,000" customers.

The place of imprint given on the title-page of *The American Village*, namely, "on Moor's Wharf,"

was their printing office "adjoining Beekman's Slip," and here they continued during the remainder of their copartnership, which terminated on August 13, 1773, after completing the third year of its existence. Besides printing the newspaper and the publications listed at the end of this article, Inslee and Car carried on the business of selling books and "Articles in the Stationer's Way." They suffered the hardships usually associated with their calling in their generation. The newspapers were delivered to customers, but payment was deferred or denied by many of them. On June 8, 1772, after a period of nearly two years, "not above one Third of their Customers" had paid the first year's subscription. The printers reminded them that they "began with a small Capital" and urged them to "cheerfully comply" with the "reasonable Request" to pay up, in order to enable them to continue in business. Such epistolary hints from our colonial printers were of periodical recurrence. They used every subterfuge to attack the dull consciences of their delinquent customers. For example, Inslee and Car, on March 2, 1772, had urged the necessity of being "absolutely obliged to make up a considerable Sum of Money before the first Day of May next," and added: "All the Money

that the Printers have yet received for News Papers, has not paid for one Half of the Paper that they have been printed on, which is an Article that cannot be had without ready Cash." Yet, we have seen that May had gone by and left two-thirds of the previous year's bills unpaid. On September 7, 1772, they plead that after two years of publication "not one Half of their Subscribers have paid them for one Year," and add, "Paper cannot be had without ready Money ;—Journeymen cannot be employed without weekly Payment; Landlords will not be contented without Quarterly Rents, &c. and yet we only ask our Payment once a Year." To add to this dilemma, thieves broke into their printing-office in October of that year and looted it of money and other articles. Now the upshot of this matter was the failure of the business. There must have been forebodings of this outcome early in the year 1773, because on April 8 of that year, Samuel F. Parker and John Anderson, having entered into a copartnership, proposed the resumption of the issue of the newspaper in August, when the third year's lease to Inslee and Car would expire. Anderson was already printing at "the lower Corner of Beekman's-Slip," a neighbor of the others, in May, 1773, and did actually issue the *Post-Boy* in partnership with

Parker, although not a single copy of this period is known to be in existence.

Upon the dissolution of the partnership of Inslee and Car opposing advertisements were inserted in virtually all of the contemporary newspapers of New York City, and the following, from Gaine's *New-York Gazette* ; and the *Weekly Mercury*," for August 16, are the best samples :—

"THOSE Gentlemen and others, who are indebted to the PARTNERSHIP of INSLEE and CAR, (which expired the 13th Instant) are desired to stop Payment, till the Accounts relating to the Partnership are settled; of which public Notice will be given in this Paper by

ANTHONY CAR."

"ALL Persons indebted to the Partnership of INSLEE and CAR, are hereby informed, that they cannot with Safety settle or pay their Accounts to any other Person than the Subscriber, who has the Books in his Hands, and who only can give a proper Discharge.

SAMUEL INSLEE."

In September Car adverted to the disagreement

in another newspaper notice, to which Inslee replied in Holt's *New-York Journal*, of September 9, as follows:

“To the Public in general, but in particular, to the Subscribers to Inslee and Car's Gazettee.

IN an Addition, (published in Parker and Anderson's Paper of last Monday) which my late Partner, Anthony Car has made to his Advertisement, he has equally manifested his Ignorance and the Malevolence of his Disposition towards me—He says he is assured *some* Persons have paid me Money since the Dissolution of the Partnership, and hopes no Person will ATTEMPT to pay any more until Accounts are properly settled.—Now, how he expects to have the Accounts settled, is a Mystery to me, for he will not come near me, altho' I have frequently sent for him on that Account—I have also repeatedly sent him Word, I was willing to deliver the Books of the Partnership into the Hands of any two creditable Persons in this City, (one of whom he should choose) for them to settle, and to say in whose Favour the Balance was;—but Car knowing within himself, he should fall more in my Debt than he should ever be able to pay, still declines making choice of any Person to take the Books;—and at

the same Time keeps himself *close*, so that I have no Opportunity of settling with him ;—and yet he has the Confidence to advertise against any Person's paying me Money.—

As I cannot have the Pleasure of seeing Mr. Car, I hereby inform him, that if he does not come and settle with me, I shall be under an immediate Necessity of using Measures to oblige him to it, which will be very disagreeable to him, as well as to me.

I also now beg Leave to Inform the Ladies and Gentlemen who were Subscribers to our Paper, or who otherwise employed us on Credit, that they may with the greatest Safety, pay their Accounts to the Subscriber, who will give a proper Discharge for any Debt they may owe the Partnership, which will be gratefully acknowledged by one who always hopes to prove himself, the Public's most obedient, and obliged humble servant,

SAMUEL INSLEE."

New-York,)
Sept. 8, 1773.)

We have discovered that Inslee was among those who signed the non-importation agreement in New York, on July 23, 1770. Later we find him employed by Isaac Collins, of Trenton, N. J., and

while there he committed suicide, as the following brief entry in Shepard Kollock's *New Jersey Journal*, for Wednesday, March 27, 1782, witnesses: "CHATHAM, March 27. Monday the 18th instant, Samuel Inslee, printer, at Trenton, shot himself through the head — Insanity, it is supposed, had got the empire over his Reason, which occasioned him to commit this rash act." Of the subsequent career of Car nothing has been discovered.

The following list is offered tentatively as a contribution to the issues of the press of Inslee and Car, and of all save Bard's *Enquiry* and the Freneau no copies are known to be extant. No files of the *Post Boy* for 1773 having been found, other titles for that year could not be determined.

1770

The American Country Almanac, For the Year 1771. By Roger More, Philodespot. [Advertised in the *Post Boy*, for October 15, 1770, as "Just Published . . . Price 3s. 6d. per Dozen, or 6d. single."]

Roger More's *Americaanse Almanak Voor 't Jaar na Christi Geboorte 1771*: [Advertised in the

Post Boy, for October 15, 1770, "to be delivered Monday next."]

An Elegiac Poem, On the Death of the Rev. Mr. Whitefield, Wrote by Phillis, a Servant Girl of 17 Years of Age, belonging to Mr. Wheatley, of Boston. [Advertised in the *Post Boy*, for October 30, 1770, as "Just Published," and no doubt reprinted from the eight-page edition published in Boston by Ezekiel Russell and John Boyles.]

1771

The Speech of the Honourable Robert R. Livingston, Esq; Made on the 25th of January, in Support of his Claim to a Seat in the House of the General Assembly. [Advertised in the *Post Boy*, for February 11, 1771, and undoubtedly a broadside.]

A Vindication of the Rights of Election, Containing an Answer to a Paper, entitled, "The Sentiments of a Free and Independent Elector." [Advertised in the *Post Boy*, for March 18, 1771, and evidently a pamphlet.]

An Enquiry into the Nature, Cause and Cure, of the Angina Suffocativa, or, Sore Throat Dis-

temper, As it is commonly called by the Inhabitants of this City and Colony. By Samuel Bard, M. D. And Professor of Medicine in King's College, New York. New York, 1771. [Advertised in the *Post Boy*, for April 29, 1771, as "This Day is published." A facsimile of the title-page of this treatise on diphtheria is given in Hildeburn's *Sketches of Printers and Printing in Colonial New York*.]

Poor Roger's American Country Almanack, for the Year 1772. [Advertised in the *Post Boy*, for November 11, 1771.]

1772

The American Village, A Poem. To which are added, Several other original Pieces in Verse. By Philip Freneau, A. B. New York, 1772. [Not advertised for sale in the *Post Boy*; perhaps printed privately for the author.]

Poor Roger's Almanack for the Year 1773. [Advertised in the *Post Boy*, for November 30 and December 7, 1772, as "now in the Press, and in a few Days may be had of the Printers of this Paper."]





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